Or voluntary dotage of ſome miſtris,
Coniured, or ſupplied them, cannot chuſe,
But they muſt blab.)

Oth. Hath he ſaid any thing?

Iag. He hath my Lord, but be you well aſſur'd,
No more then hee'l vnſweare.

Oth. What hath he ſayd?

Iag. Why that he did—I know not what he did.

Oth. What? *Iag.* Lye.

Oth. With her?

Iag. With her, on her, what you will.

Oth. Lie with her, lie on her? We ſay lie on her, when they bely her; lye with her, that's fulſome, handkerchiefs, confeſsion, handkerchiefs: to confeſſe, and be hang'd for his labour, firſt to be hang'd, and then to confeſſe; I tremble at it: Nature would not inueſt herſelfe in ſuch ſhadowing paſsion, without ſome inſtruction: It is not words that ſhakes me thus, (piſh) noſes, eares, and lippes: Is't poſsible? confeſſe? handkerchiefe? O deuill. *Falles in a trance.*

Iag. Worke on my medicine, worke: thus credulous fooles are caught, and many worthy and chaſt Dames, euen thus (all guiltleſſe.) meet reproach: What ho my Lord, my Lord I ſay, *Othello*,—how now *Caſsio?* *Enter* Caſsio.

Caſ. What's the matter?

Iag. My Lord is falne into an Epilepſy,
This is his ſecond fit, he had one yeſterday.

Caſ. Rub him about the temples.

Iag. No forbeare,
The Lethargie muſt haue his quiet courſe,
If not, he foames at mouth, and by and by
Breakes out to ſauage madneſſe: looke, he ſtirres:
Doe you withdraw your ſelfe a little while,
He will recouer ſtraight; when he is gone,
I would on great occaſion ſpeake with you.
How is it Generall haue you not hurt your head?

Oth. Doſt thou mocke me? *Exit* Caſ.

Iag. I mocke you? no by heauen,
Would you would beare your fortunes like a man.

Oth. A horned man's a monſter, and a beaſt.

Iag.

Iag. There's many a
And many a ciuill mon
Oth. Did he confeſ
Iag. Good ſir be a m
Thinke euery bearded
May draw with you, th
That nightly lye in tho
Which they dare ſwear
O tis the ſpite of hell, t
To lip a wanton in a ſe
And to ſuppoſe her cha
And knowing what I a
Oth. O thou art w
Iag. Stand you a w
Confine your ſelfe but
Whilſt you were here
(A paſſion moſt vnfitti
Caſsio came hither, I ſh
And layed good ſcuſe
Bad him anon retire, a
The which he promis'
And marke the geeres,
That dwell in euery reg
For I will make him te
Where, how, how oft,
He has, and is againe t
I ſay, but marke his iea
Or I ſhall ſay, you are
And nothing of a man.
Oth. Doſt thou hea
I will be found moſt c
But doeſt thou heare, m
Iag. That's not ami
But yet keepe time in
Now will I queſtion
A huſwife, that by ſelli
Buyes her ſelfe bread
That dotes on *Caſsio*;

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22306) LONDON, 1630 UNIVERSITY OF EDIN